

October 21

## **The fun of it all. Weekends.**

Welcome to Friday night. A great night to be single. All week, you don't notice who you're not hanging out with. The weekend starts up, and now it's a bit obvious. Everybody's somewhere, or nowhere for that matter, and you're not with them. Funny thing about lovers is that they have a sometimes annoying habit of taking a bunch of people you've gotten to be friends with; with them when they leave you. Perhaps you could say then, that they weren't really your friends either.

After taking your drum set completely apart 4 times, only to reassemble it for the 4th time, right back the way it originally was in the first place, you realize your compulsion. Writing your blog, posting art at [deviantArt](#), registering several other works at the Internet Archive and watching Fight Club 3 or 4 times, you begin to wonder what's so bad? Considering how committed to my art I was at one time; this is more like me than I've been in years. Minus the shattered heart and waning libido. I'm assuming the latter has to do with the fact that I'm recovering from a traumatic incident. Hopefully there will be a jam session tomorrow with the band.

Now, let me go a little off topic here and get into why I believe I'm writing this blog in the first place. Despite the impression that you might get at first glance; this is not a whiney, self pity blog. I've determined that it's my comeback album. It's my written proof that it is possible to survive loss after loss of love and relationships, and still be okay. Whether I'm writing this to assure myself or to perhaps assure someone else out there who doesn't think he or she, yes she, doesn't have a chance of survival after these things. I've determined that; to give up now would be a horrendous waste of my entire life, spent; a hopeless romantic artist. Forty years, I've been at this, and I think it would be a shame to give up hope now. Not to mention how much inspiration I would lose in my artistic endeavors. 🙄

Well, it's 0439, Saturday morning. Let's catch a nap and see what happens today.

Posted:

<http://toesplace.spaces.live.com/>

<http://dctoe.livejournal.com/>